

GOMEZ

"Where are we from?"

(they react)

Funny you should ask.

(then)

July 31st, 1715. The Spanish warship, *Pico de Gallo*, commanded by my great nautical ancestor, Captain General Redondo Ventana Laguna Don Jose Cuervo, leaves Madrid, bound for the new world. Three weeks later, he is still in Madrid, as Madrid is four hundred miles from the nearest ocean. A stubborn man, he sets sail anyway, only to sink, six months later, off the southern coast of Florida - a hostile land, infested with mosquitoes, rattle snakes, and many retired Jewish peoples. But enough about us.

(steps forward)

Mr. Malcolm Beineke, I presume, and the lovely Mrs. Malcolm Beineke.

(pointing his blade at Lucas)

And you must be young Lucas -

(looks back to Mal, then again to Lucas)

Unless of course you -

(Lucas)

- are the father, and you -

(Mal)

- are the son, with a massive thyroid problem.

(laughs, then)

I go too far. No matter, the night, she is young. Welcome to our extremely normal home. Gomez Florencia Addams, at your service. Allow me to present my wife, *la duena*, mother of my children, *el amor de mi vida*... the love of my life - *Morticia!*

#7A MORTICIA'S ENTRANCE

(MORTICIA enters, in an apron. GOMEZ kisses her hand.)

MORTICIA

Sorry I'm late. I was putting the apple pie on the window sill to cool.

GOMEZ

That's my little woman. A duchess in the parlor and a genius in the kitchen.

MORTICIA

Oh, Gomez!

GOMEZ

And a gymnast in the bedroom.

(MORTICIA elbows GOMEZ and extends her hand to MAL.)

MORTICIA

So very pleased. Mr. Beineke...

MAL

Mrs. Addams -

(She turns to ALICE)

MORTICIA

Mrs. Beineke...

ALICE

(curtsies)

Alice.

MORTICIA

Alice. And you must be Lucas. What a lovely name.

LUCAS

Thanks. I'm named after my Uncle Lucas who got lost in the woods and ate his own leg.

MAL

They don't need to know that!

MORTICIA

No, no. It's a *beautiful* story.

(then)

Wednesday has a cousin who swallowed his tongue. *Hes tolk lak dis... "Hello, how are you?"*

WEDNESDAY

(interrupting, mortified)

Thank you, mother.

(All heads turn to see WEDNESDAY, wearing a bright yellow dress.)

(to Mal and Alice)

SCENE 7

(THE GROTTO.)

*(GOMEZ and MAL are puffing on cigars.
MAL is seated on an old oaken chair.)*

MAL

Interesting chair. Antique?

GOMEZ

Fifteenth century. "The Heretic's chair." Once owned by Tomas de Torquemada, Grand Inquisitor of Madrid.

MAL

You collect this stuff?

GOMEZ

A man must have his hobbies. Some play cards, some play golf. Me, I collect "instruments of persuasion." "Why," you ask.

(then)

Go on, ask. Ask!

MAL

Why?

GOMEZ

It's fun! The history of the world told in agony and dismemberment. Get up, I show you.

(Mal gets out of the chair)

You sit, they ask you a question. They don't like the answer...

*(GOMEZ pulls a lever. A giant spike
shoots up.)*

Ooooooooooooooooooh! That'll make you believe, eh?

(a laugh, then retracts the lever)

Sit down. Let me ask you a question.

MAL

Some other time.

GOMEZ

Okey-dokey.

(then)

So how about these crazy kids, eh?

MAL

What about 'em?

GOMEZ

They seem very fond of each other, no?

MAL

I guess. But it's not like they're getting married.

GOMEZ

Married? Of course not. They're so young. Of course, they marry young these days, do they not?

MAL

I dunno what they do.

GOMEZ

Then speak about you. The Beineke Saga. Your lives, your hopes, your dreams.

(pointedly)

Your son.

MAL

Lucas? He's a little soft like his mother. But when he gets out of college, I'll toughen him up. Teach him the business. Make him a man.

GOMEZ

May I say something? You and I - I feel we understand each other. Do you feel this?

MAL

No.

(then)